



High Falls, Where the Nymphs Bathe.

NYPH-HUNTING AT CHIMNEY ROCK.

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sunlight—on a spot known as Inspiration Point—stood a Titian-haired nymph, singing ecstatically, as she gazed down the wonderful valley, where the green ridges grow blue and then fade off in the misty nothingness in the distance. She had not sensed us.

Hugh a Hero.

Hugh was the hero of the occasion. Whipping out his Graflex, he took a fine sight—oh, a very fine sight—and shot. The click of the lever startled the nymph who fled like a fawn, bounding from rock to rock, and in an instant disappearing among the pine trees far up the trail. But Hugh had bagged his first nymph! The hunt was a success. You can see our trophy in the frontispiece of this issue.

Along the Appian Way.

We continued the chase, but we knew it

was useless for no mortal can keep pace with a nymph. Once sighted they flee into some hidden fastness, perhaps some cave deep in the heart of the mountain. To find them is impossible. But we continued along the Appian Way until we came to High Falls—the gods' shower bath—which tumbles in a clear stream down three hundred feet of cliff. The view from the top of the falls, where we balanced ourselves on a flat rock, is indescribably lovely. Hugh and I at once knew where we would live after the war and Dr. Morse promised us cabin sites within view of the falls and Chimney Rock.

Lyric Food.

We had filmed our nymph, seen the Rock, and now but one thing remained to make the day a thorough success—our lunch. Mrs. Dr. Morse had prepared it, and she is a poet when it comes to lunches. Her deviled eggs—stuffed with ambrosia—were sonnets. Her sandwiches were odes. Her cocoanut

cake was an exquisite rondeau. Her coffee a la New Orleans was an epic.

Twilight was falling softly over the mountains when we skimmed down the road, so winding an adder would fracture his vertebrae, but in excellent condition. We sped to Hendersonville—an 18 mile trip—through the cool gloom.

Hendersonville is a live, pretty, town on the Southern railroad, and easily accessible from Spartanburg by motor car. The roads around there are fine, thanks to Dr. Morse who is almost as enthusiastic about good roads as he is about Chimney Rock, which he and his brothers bought some years ago, and which they have developed with excellent artistic sense.

So This is Hendersonville.

The main street of Hendersonville is one any town could be proud of. It is 100 feet broad, with twenty feet sidewalks, but even these aren't broad enough, Dr. Morse told us, for when the throng of summer visitors is out in its white flannels there is hardly room enough for people to pass.

Hugh and I went out Saturday night to be jostled, but we managed to navigate up and down the main street several times without being unduly crowded.

Hendersonville is one of the chief summer resorts of the South, and many leading families have summer homes there.

One particularly charming section is Laurel Park, which has, among its attractions a fine artificial lake, with a bathing beach, a spring board, boats, water and everything. It is at the foot of a mountain of laurel. There are many pleasant little cottages to be had in Laurel Park and in and about Hendersonville, and quite a few have already been taken by the families of officers and men at Camp Wadsworth.

Two young ladies, Kathryn and Mary by name, spent Easter Sunday showing us the scenic beauties of Hendersonville and vicinity, including the Flat Rock district which has some big estates which compare with the Vanderbilt estate at Biltmore. What with the young ladies, and the scenery and the air, we had a very successful Easter Sunday.

While in Hendersonville we stayed at the Kentucky Home. The Kentucky Home is the only hotel in the world where you can get enough chicken. Also, it is about the only one that has a right to call itself a home. Mrs. Brown is in charge of it, and the feminine touch is instantly apparent. (N. B. Hotels and restaurants run by women are invariably better than man-run ones.)

The Kentucky Home is one of a number of good (and not expensive) hotels in Hendersonville.

We came back, proudly bearing the Graflex and the precious film, Sunday evening, and we resolved, as we puffed past Tryon, Campobello and Inman to tell everyone we met that they must not miss a day of nymph-hunting at Chimney Rock while they are in this part of the world.